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The Last Train to Montparnasse

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WILL SMILEY

_The Last Train to Montparnasse_

He is doing a song and a dance to entertain the people while they wait, to keep them entranced in line, to take their minds off the duration of the wait.

This is the last train to Montparnasse. But we wanted to go to Gare de Lyon. It doesn’t matter now. We can’t request a new ticket.

The booth is closed. The guardians have slid the grating down. The window is shut.

When I turn back around I see the man in white robes, and the group of people formed around him into an audience.

And then I hear the distant sound of the train arriving in the tunnel.

Leaning against a railing, I can see the arriving cars and the line of people climbing into a carriage.
He must be familiar with that
pandemonium
I think as he boards.
The lot departs. I glance around.

You are there, in a beautiful sewn up gown
reaching for my hand.
There is ash on your face,
and a pale light shines on the track.